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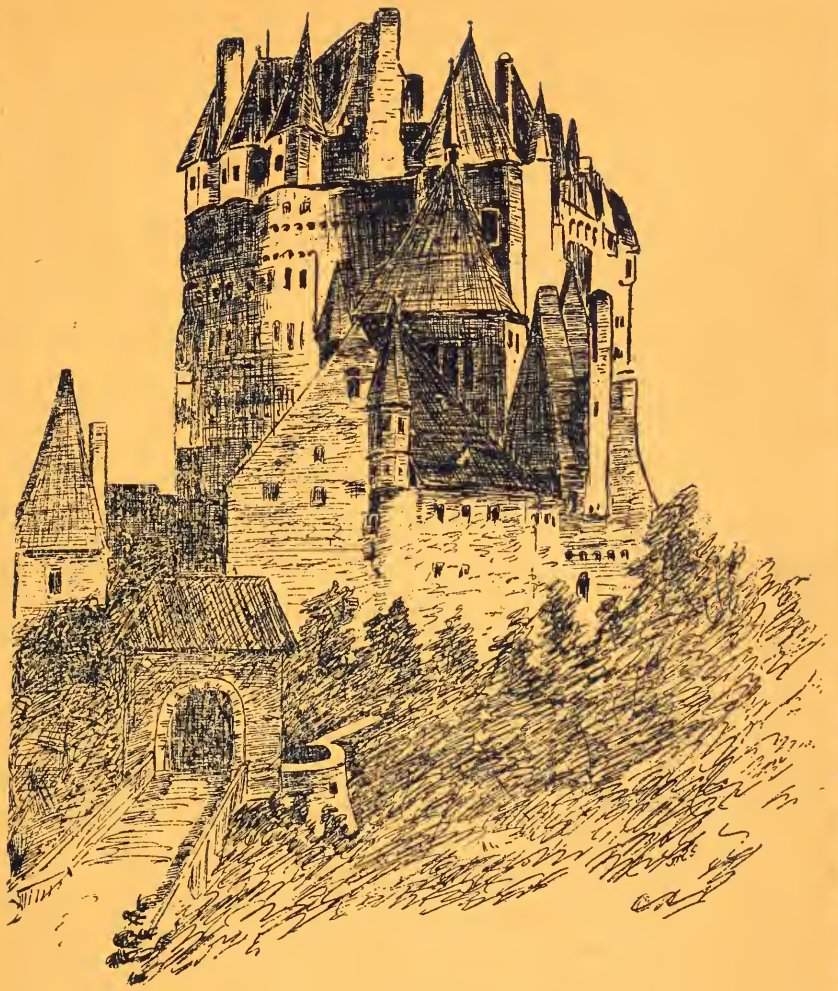

Castle of Dream

Bryn Mawr

Hilda Worthington Smith

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1910

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The Gate of Dream

Castle Gate

Through a good green world a-blossom with spring
Of blue skies above, and blithe birds on the wing,
A road goes winding by meadow and stream,
And on to the gates of the Castle of Dream.

And he who would travel the road from the start
Has a laugh on his lips, and a dream in his heart;
A laugh on his lips and a word of good cheer
For all who are old and forsaken and drear.

And one will dream of a violet sea,
Of swift sails set for a far country;
Of diamond stars in the dome of night,
And the gleam of the waves in his lantern's dim light.

And one will dream of the forest of firs,
Where the sunset wind through the branches stirs,
When the last sweet chirps of the thrushes cease,
And over the hills steals the twilight of peace.

And he who dreams hears a golden song
That sings in his ears the whole journey long,
That sounds in the wind, and lessens and swells
Like the distant twinkling of fairy bells.

A song of the old and a song of the young;
The sweetest song that ever was sung.
Gladdens his loving heart all the day through,
And at the castle his dream comes true.

Fay Day

Wake! Wake! The morning is breaking!
Pale yellow sunbeams a new world are making,
Robins and thrushes their nests are forsaking,
There's a new day a-dawn in the sky.
Each long sunny ray has a fairy astride it,
A red or gold dawn elf well able to ride it,
Who with thin reins of sunshine can skillfully guide it,
And urge it to earth from on high.

Now one laughing elf spurs his steed a bit faster
To burnish the gold in each purple-fringed aster;
The shadow-gnomes scatter for fear of disaster,
From the chinks of the old garden wall.
The dawn-fairies flourish their slim golden lances,
And poke in dark corners where no sunlight dances,
And the gloom is dispelled where each fairy advances,
As they gallop and prance over all.

On dim cobweb stairways they hang golden torches,
They kindle dew-lanterns on filmy gray porches,
Till each sparkling globule the frail structure scorches,
Where its radiant beacon has pressed;
Beams touch with soft green each asparagus feather,
To the tall waving plume stalks the fays their steeds tether,
And all day in the garden they frolic together,
Till at night they ride into the West.

Chestnutting

Oh the chestnut tree, the chestnut tree,
In the old fence-corner, where the asters wait the bee,
The great jolly wind, it romps around in glee,
And down drop the burrs from the big brown tree.

By the old stone-wall, by the old stone-wall,
We crack the burrs and gather up the chestnuts as they fall,
For just a-going nutting wouldn't be such fun at all
If we didn't pound our fingers on the old stone-wall.

Then the good brown leaves, a-crackling all around,
And a-making little whirlpools when the breezes sweep the ground,
They cover up each glossy nut, so that it can't be found,
And chuckle 'bout it to themselves with that dry, snappy sound.

I tell you now, when autumn comes,—I may be mighty queer,—
But I wouldn't miss the feeling that I have this time of year.
For when I'm going nutting, there is just one thing that's clear,
I'm very glad, all over me, I'm nowheres else but *here*.

Brush Fires

Don't you like to smell brush-fire smoke?
I do.
Makes you have an autumn feeling
Clean through.
Almost see the red-gold trees,
Feel the cool, grape-fragrant breeze,
Hear the Bob-whites calling
And the apples falling.
Don't you?
I do.

Always want to snuff and snuff it?
Same here!
When the saucy breezes puff it
So near.
As the golden flames are dancing
All the little leaves a-prancing
In a red-bronze whirl,
Snap and hiss and curl.
Like it too?
I do.

The Wayfarer

"Which is the way to Content?
Weary I am and far-spent.
Through gray miles of streets I have sought her abode,
I am hungry and foot-sore, and know not the road."

"Farther, go farther.
Go out from the din and the dust of the town,
Towards the notch in the hills, where the sun goeth down,
Through the fields where the fringed asters grow,
And masses of golden rod glow;
To the dim woods of evening where tired noises cease,
For there, in the hills, dwells the Spirit of Peace."

The Pirate Ship Tree

Oh, come let's go down by the brook,
And up in the Pirate-Ship-Tree,
For the high wind sings through the boughs,
And ruffles the leafy green sea.

Oh, we will be pirates as bold,
As Captain Kidd and the rest,
For treasure we'll make a quick raid
From Mary Ann's hidden cake chest.

And I will climb high up the mast
(If you'll promise the tree not to jig,)
And we'll take down our old pirate flag
To tie from the tipper-most twig.

And then we'll have fights in the tree,
And I'll be Paul Jones chasing you,
No, I won't make you walk any plank,
I'll only do that to the crew.

So, come, let's go straight down there now;
There's nothing as pleasant to do,
Look, John's in the lane with his kite,
And we'll ask him if he'll be the crew.

On the River

Waters flowing,
As we're rowing,
Reeds and slender grasses blowing,
Catch upon the paddle-blade,
As if some fair river-maid
Sought to throw her spell around us,
And with long green ribbons bound us.

Lilies in our wake
With the ripples shake,
Dance and curtsey in the water,
Garden-plot of Neptune's daughter,
Where the little waves, the white caps,
Mermaids pluck, and use for night-caps.

Grammar

Oh I am me, and you are you, and me and you is us,
I don't see why the grammar book should make so great a fuss
'Bout plural folks and singular, for now it seems to me
That if you 'member what I say it's easy as can be.

The book says that a "singular" should just mean only one,
Yet I have heard my Mother say,—here trouble is begun,—
"There are lots of singular people in the world," but I should say,
"There are lots of plural people,"—I'm sure that's the proper way.

Only a man like Crusoe, who's alone upon an isle
Is singular, I should suppose; but the folks, they only smile,
And tell me to "apply myself with patience to my book,"
And yet I seem to get results for which they did not look.

Oh, singulars and plurals, too, are more than I can bear,
I don't know which I am, and what is more, I do not care.
I don't see why the grammar book should make so great a fuss,
For I am me, and you are you, and me and you is us.

Swinging at Night

Oh, the swift smooth stair up into the air
Till I reach the locust boughs
To the thick of the fluttering leaflets, where
The pixie stars carouse,
I'd gain to the edge of the high fir hedge,
And peep at the river of night
Then drop with a sweep through the air's rushing deep,
Swoop down through the dark of delight.

The sailors afloat in the buffeted boat
Are not more a-sea than I,
For the good ropes creak, as the course I seek,
And the waves of the dark roll by.
To the deck of my ship I quietly slip
And ride the combers high,
From the leafy surf to the distant turf,
In my good swing boat I fly.

Morning

The garden lies green 'neath a silvery sheet,
Of dew and misty gray,
A few lines of light stretch out in the east,
As if streaked by the brush of a fay.

Soon a band of dull gold settles over the hills,
Above it a strip of green lake,
And tiny red clouds squeeze out between these,
Like the jelly in Mary Ann's cake.

The pretty mist-wrapper is rolling away,
From over the river and trees,
And shreds of pink cotton float far away south,
Puffed along by the cool morning breeze.

Then the blazing sun shows through a notch in the hills,
And rolls up through a liquid gold well,
The river's a shiny and shimmery blue,
The sky the clear rose of a shell.

Two Points of View

By golden-browny cornfields with the folks I often stand
And see the yellow pumpkin globes lie round on every hand,
The folks think of the prices they will bring when they are sold,—
I think of Cinderella's magic, rat-drawn coach of gold.

The other day we saw some funny cloudlets in the sky.
The folks,—they mentioned rain showers that would happen bye and bye,—
I thought they looked like bits of puffy cotton way up there,
Or flocks of snowy homing doves a-winging thro' the air.

There's a dancing leaping waterfall beside this house, our home,
With green brown swirly arches, and a load of fluffy foam.
The folks guess at the power that t'will give the mill near by;
I see the Naiads palace, froth-crowned domes a-rising high.

A spinner spider built her house right in my auntie's room,
She found it there and pulled it down at once with a long broom.
She thinks webs litter up a house, and ought not to be there:—
But if she knew the things I know, she couldn't be unfair;

For the little elfin ladies bring their dresses there by night,—
Dresses made of shimmering moonbeams, or of poppy petals bright;
Now in vain they'll have to hunt about for the wee
Now in rain they'll have to hunt about for the wee
And they'll go home disappointed not to find the spinner there.

And so in almost all things, they and I do not agree,
We look together at them, but the same things we don't see.
It seems as if they must be right,—they're old and most wise too,
But then I know I'm right for mine's the natural point of view.

Night Noises

When the summer night-wind rumples up the trees,
And the bats are slowly swooping round and round,
That is when I like to go to the garden there below,
And listen to each little twilight sound.

There's the chitter of the crickets in the leaves,
And a Katy-diddy scolding in the road;
There's the thoughtful little hop,—and the absent-minded stop,—
Of the "almost-stepped-upon-me" mottled toad.

The soft tinkle of the Canterbury bells
Seems to mingle with the murmur of the brook;
There's a whisper in the grass, as the rustling breezes pass,
Where the steady glow-worm lights his road-side nook.

When kindling fire-flies frolic through the trees,
And the sober-sailing bats go swooping round,
Oh, it's then I like to go to the garden there below
And listen to each little twilight sound.

Bedtime

Everything's going but me,
And I am supposed to stay here.
I don't think that that was a tear,
But I'm lonely as lonely can be.

There is a wasp on the wing,
There is a seedling afloat,
I see a swift little sail-boat,
And I stay on the gate here and swing.

They're all going somewheres, and I—
I want to go somewheres, too;
Most any old somewheres would do.
I wish I had wings and could fly.

For here I am sure to be found,
And then She will put me to bed.
That plan always pops in her head
After supper, if I am around.

In the Firelight

On winter nights, They light the fire;
And when in golden sheets it flares,
Then on our bearskin rug I lie
While They sit round on lofty chairs.

And then I read the "Fairy Book"
Of mermaids in the crystal lake.
They talk of unimportant things,
"How many yards, then, would it take?"

The prince puts on the magic cloak,
And takes the tiny silver key,
A queer cracked voice behind him says;—
("I didn't order that green tea.")

He hurries through the gloomy halls
But in the woods the princess waits,
A voice within the castle cries;—
("There's great increase in water rates.")

The wizard leaves the witches cave,
But turning casts a three-fold spell.
Then whispers to his ivory wand—
("I only hope it washes well.")

The brave third son's lost in the wood,
He hears a faint, far-distant "moo!"
Which really means:— ("She grows so fast
We must let down a tuck or two.")

Elves, giants, goblins, gnomes and dwarfs,
And lots of other folks I've read
I see live in the dying fire.
("It's time that child was sent to bed.")

Growing Up

They say I'm too old for such things,—
That nobody ever has wings,
That it's silly to think that each flower has its fay
Who dances by night, and lies hidden all day:
Oh, fairies dear, what shall I do?
For I cannot grow old without you.

Oh, why did the Grown-biggers say,
"You're too old for such fairyish play"?
Just as if when my skirts so much longer became,
I wasn't, inside me, exactly the same.
But They're old, and cannot understand.
They have not been in Fairyland.

In the twinkling gold path-ways that run
Through my window right straight from the sun,
No more can I watch your wild dance, for I must
Consider you only as wee bits of dust:
I just cannot think of you so;
Don't go, fairies dear, oh don't go.

And who will go swinging with me
On the tippy-top branch of the tree?
Or how will I get to the end of the road
That winds through the woods to the wizard's abode?
And the bush with the bright golden bough
I suppose I shall never see now.

Oh why did the Grown-biggers say,
"It's high time that you left off such play,"
When I was just planning one thing I might do,—
By the gap in the hills where the full moon climbs through,
I could feel its smooth, silvery edge,
And perhaps boost it over the ledge.

When the swift lightning shivers of heat
Show your shimmering cloud pinions fleet,
As you hover outside of my window and say,
"Come put on your wings, mount a moth, and away!"
Must I shut both my ears to your call,
And pretend I don't hear you at all?

Then I wanted to be in the wood
When the first violet threw back her hood,
To watch the delight on her flowery face
When she found herself growing in such a nice place;
And her fairy might speak to me too,
Or at least nod a "how-de-ye-do."

Oh I wish that I needn't grow tall;
It's so much more fun to be small.
And I wish that my skirts were still up to my knees;
For soon they'll be saying I mustn't climb trees.
There will be nothing left I can do,
When I'm old, fairy-folk, without you.

Letters

In winter when the dark comes soon, and toys are on the shelf,
I sit beneath the table and write letters to myself.

From one myself that goes to church in best new hat and coat,
To t'other one that makes mud pies,—I write a little note.

There's one that's post-marked "Wonderland," from Alice, so I see,
To come some day and take with her a nice mad cup of tea.

I get a little note of thanks from Mrs. R. Redbreast,
One day last June I put her tumbled baby in the nest.

The little lame prince writes to me from his high lonely tower
He'll lend to me his traveling cloak, when I've an extra hour.

And then I start to write replies, when everyone I've read;
The tea-bell rings, and crawling out, I always bump my head.

Clouds

After sunset sometimes,
On a warm summer night,
    When all things but us are in bed,
We lie flat on our backs
In our daisy-est field,
    And watch the clouds rush over-head.

There are lots of queer things
You can see in a cloud
    If you only know just how to look,
There are dragons and beasts,
There are witches and sylphs,
    There is little Bo-peep with her crook.

See that raggedy cloud,
That a moment ago
    Was part of a big feather bed?
Molded now by the wind
In the pink sunset glow,
    It's a pink polar bear on his head.

An old woman up there
With a long stick of cloud,
    Is creasing her blankets of wool,
And a snowy-sailed ship
Swiftly plows the blue sea,
    In a race with a galloping bull.

There are fairyland beasts
Without any names,
    That valleys of misty cloud roam,
And far in the west
Rise the cloudy gray towers
    Of Afterglow princess's home.

I think if that cloud
Just over my head
    Should chance to float down on me here,
With my nose in its fluff
I'd smother, I'm sure,
    And it's getting uncomf'tably near.

The South Field

To-day I went to our South Field,
My missing cap to search,
I know it hops down off its peg,
To leave me in the lurch.

The field was thick with buttercups,
Daisies, and clovers red,
It looked like bread and jam at tea,
When Grandma spreads our bread.

I rustled through, close to the earth,
Among the cool, green stalks,
They're mystic forests if one creeps;
The south field if one walks.

My cheek to earth, I thought I saw
A golden-armored knight,
A-riding on a moon-white steed,
Through tangled green twilight.

A busy ant from market came,
Her basket overflowed,
With legs and bits of juicy wasp
That by her side she towed.

I thought I saw an elfin lad
Peer through the matted wood,
I'm sure he did,—a clover stalk
Shook gently where he stood.

I heard the wind swirl through the grass
Like rush of rising brooks,
The bees swooped on from flower to flower
In quest of honey-nooks.

And lying there, beneath the grass,
I took a little nap;
Then I went home,—the sun was down,—
I couldn't find my cap.

Injuns

John is big chief "Flying Eagle,"
Sue is "Little Plum,"
And I'm a town of pale-face men,
But I only talk for some.

John and Sue have each a feather
From that pullet there,
But John's is always falling out
He has so little hair.

P'rhaps that's why she's called a pullet,
For she'd just as lief
We'd pull her nice tail feathers out,
To deck an Injun Chief.

All the corn-shocks are the tepees,
Yellow, tawny-brown,
(Tepees are the names of houses
In an Injun town.)

And to-night the Injuns stealing
Soft on hands and knees,
Will attack the white men's village,
Eating apples 'neath the trees.

And I play I cannot see them,
(Though I really can),
Scooting past the sumach bushes,
Climbing trees the field to scan.

We don't know quite how we'll end it,
Pipe of peace, or other way,
Scalps and tomahawks and dances,
Lasting till the break of day.

Sue and I would like the peace pipe,
John wants scalps and fights,
But I think I ought to say which,
I'm the settlement of whites.

The Lane

By day our lane's the nicest place;
    There's lots of things to do.
There're big, low cherry trees to climb,
    With cherries on them too.

A gray witch-spider has her web
    Near an old apple tree,
And John and I set free the flies
    That she has asked to tea.

There's white and pinky hollyhocks
    Along the garden wall,
We always curtsey as we pass,
    They're ladies grand and tall.

Low on a tree's a robin's nest
    With eggs of funny blue,
And John and I can just peek in,
    But we have to lift up Sue.

By dusk the lane is just as nice,
    But rather scary then,
You hear the grass a-rustling soft,
    With the feet of pixy-men.

The berry vines are jungles thick,
    From which a bear might leap,
If you wish to pass in safety
    Close by the fence you creep.

There's a fairy princess lives there,
    Near the spring beside the road,
She's enchanted,—you would not know her,—
    She looks like an ugly toad.

Our lane is nice at both times,
    We like it either way,
But there's such a lot of difference
    'Tween dusky time and day.

The Old Garden

I play sometimes in an old garden,
Through the lanes of glossy box,
In the tangle of the rose vines,
By prim beds of four o'clocks.

There's a smell of mint and roses,
There's a smell of spicy pinks,
And the smell of honeysuckles,
Growing in the old wall's chinks.

Velvety, tall stalks of foxglove
Swing their bells of white and red;
Far below them, each Sweet Billy
Lifts his stiff and clumpy head.

In a corner, with verbena,
Fragrant heads of mignonette
Nod across the low box border
To a jolly Bouncing Bet.

Tiger lilies guard the pathway,
Go between them I don't dare.
I can almost hear them snarling—
Best to have a little care.

Little Thoughts grow brave but humble
In two roomy old box beds,
Cheerful Thoughts with sunshine faces,
Sober Thoughts with dusky heads.

Through the tendrils of sweet-pea vines,
I can spy a new moss-rose
With a green and fuzzy blanket
Tucked around its little toes.

The Elfin Queen

Where do the winds breathe gentlest,
And the star-beams sift like snow?
A-down the wood, by vine-sheathed elms
Where palest moon-flowers blow,
Where white iris look in the mist-margined brook,
And the reeds are singing low.

A whiff of music through the wood,
Blown by an elfin horn,
The swift glance of a falling star,
O'er dim horizons borne,
Then footsteps pass through tasseled grass,
The fairy fields of corn.

And sweet as silver trumpets distant blown,
The call of trilly voices thro' the wood,
A parting of the leaves before the throne
Of Queen Clytella, rainbow-eyed and good,
Of filmy moonbeams is her mantle sewn,
Bright-pricking stars pin up her flowery hood.

Beyond

Fairyland is just beyond,
Always, always, just beyond;
Where the magic birch-leaves quiver,
Dance and shake and gently shiver,
By the lily-laden pond,—
Fairyland is just beyond.

Fairyland is just beyond.
Fern-seed wrapped in tender frond
Slip into my shoes, and make me
So I can't be seen, then take me
Through the woods, to where its portal
May be found by charméd mortal,
Where an elfin guide will meet me,
And to enter in entreat me.
Touch a tree-trunk with her wand,—
Fairyland is just beyond.

Legend

Ulysses

Think not I shall ne'er return,
Penelope.
In the night, when the red watch-fires burn
By the sea
I sit at my tent door, in far-renowned Troy
And think with longing of thee and our boy
In Ithaca, o'er the gray sea,
I know thou art waiting for me.

As the bright web you weave,
Penelope,
At your loom, do not grieve,
Or gaze out at sea.
A wish will not hasten the Trojans' defeat,
Nay, not even a wish from thy brave heart, my sweet
Can make the Trojan host fly,
If the gods of victory deny.

When dusk falls over Troy,
Penelope,
Then you sit with our boy
On your knee.
Throughout the great palace is quiet and rest,
Eurycleia, thy handmaid, whom thou lovest best
Keeps a watch at the door of the hall
Lest he wake at a noise or footfall.

Bede at the Monastery of St. Paul

Slow chimes the vesper bell to evening prayer
The old brown monks pace thro' the cloister dim,
The abbot on the threshold stands; to him
With father yesterday I came, from where
Beyond these long, bare walls, and grass-plot trim
The sunlight stretches, golden layer on layer.

And I, a little lad, can find no joy
In pious meditation, learned books,
For I know greenly-hidden forest nooks
Where even now waits many a woodland toy,—
Blue feathers, strings found in a nest of rooks,
A reed pipe given me by a shepherd boy.

And no sweet laughter peals thro' all these cells,
Whose fine glazed windows, lately brought from Rome,
Light only page on page of heavy tome,
And only hear the echo of tired bells.
'Twas not so with the windows of my home.

They heard the hearth fire snap the seasoned bough,
They looked on children's play with one another,
Often, at dusk, I'd play there with my brother;
He must be playing on the floor there now,
And, oh, I wish that I could see my mother.

Forest Fires

"Ye fire and heat, oh bless the Lord!"
The forest fires proclaim,
For on the mountain's massive flank
Stands forth His Holy Name,
The one word, "God," writ on the dusk
In characters of flame.

On the Way to Sherwood

Where are you going, Alan-a-Dale,
Thro' the fields by the gay snap-dragon trail,
With thy minstrel's harp on its gold cord hung
And a red cape over thy shoulder slung?

"I'm off to the depths of Sherwood's glade,
Too long, too long, in the town I've stayed,
And to-night in the heart of the silent wood
I sup and sing with Robin Hood."

"What of the song, oh, Alan-a-Dale,
What of the tune, and what of the tale?"
He sat him down 'neath a white thorn tree,
Smote thrice his harp, and thus sang he:—
"I'll sing of a beach where the waves pound free,
Of silver foam on a sapphire sea,
Of the shore where the gentlest breezes blow,
Of a fairy barque that sailed slow
Bearing a knight, both bold and true,
Over the shimmering water blue,
I'll tell of the valiant knight of old,
With shining armor and spurs of gold,
Of a princess high in a lonely tower
On the castled isle, in a blossomy bower,
Of the nightingales in the wild rose grove
That sing her their musical message of love,
Of the knight who cometh, and not too late,
To wind his horn at the crystal gate,
To enter the rose-enchanted world,
And plant on the tower his white banner unfurled,
To break the spell, and the princess free
And take her away to his home by the sea."

"Alan-a-Dale, Alan-a-Dale,
Sweet is thy harping, and pleasant thy tale."
He took up his harp and his scarlet hood,
And went on his way into green Sherwood.

Episode of the Boar's Head

(Scullions sing.)

The boar's heade in hande bear I
With hollie deckt and rosemarie
I pray ye alle singe merrilie
Qui estis in convivio.
Caput apri defero
Redens laudes Domino.

Maids and pages come and go
In the great hall's firelight glow,
Greatest vassal to the least
Decks the tables for the feast,
For the queen, with jewels bedight
In the hall will sup to-night.

From the window's blazoned panes
Gold and crimson splendor rains
On the carved chests, and cupboards tall,
Banners on the panelled wall,
Emblems of brave fighting done
In grim battles long since won.

Lord of all the revels, he
Whom the queen, Christellany,
Chooses to bring in the plate
Where the boar's head lies in state,
In sweet-savored greens embowered,
To ask one boon he is empowered.

Behind a curtain's silken fold
A little page, with sleeves of gold,
With curly head bowed on his knee
Is weeping, weeping drearily.
A sleek greyhound, with drooping tail
For sympathy, lifts up his wail.

The lords and ladies with gay grace
At table taking each his place,
Await the order of their queen,
Who at the table's head is seen,
To name the Lord of Revelry.
"Choose, choose, most fair Christellany."

But silent, listening, sits the queen,
In sapphire robes, with silver sheen.
She hears, amid the sounds of joy
The sobbing of a little boy:
Across the room she swiftly paces,
The lords, amazed, stare from their places.

She draws the azure curtain back,
"Oh, look, my lords, a page; alack!
Why do you weep, my child?" she said,
In her rich robes he hides his head,
As if he would his weeping smother.
"Your Majesty, I want my mother."

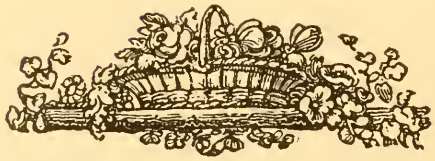
"He's homesick, the poor imp!" she cries.
To comfort him she must devise
Some ready scheme of pleasantry.
"He shall be Lord of Revelry."
Her maidens, laughing, quickly bring
The spangled robes of Folly's King.

Arrayed in trailing garb of mirth,
Too baggy for his slender girth,
He smiles, though somewhat tearily,
His bauble's jingling bells to see.
"Your boon now ask," the Queen repeats.
"I want my mother," he repeats.

"'Tis granted, child, to-morrow noon
You shall go home,—the Queen has sworn.
But now, when the sweet trumpets blare
The honored boar's head you shall bear."

With childish grace and dignity
He rises from his bended knee.
Then helps to lift the platter wide,
Two stalwart scullions by his side.
They bear the dish before the Queen,
"Sure, such a boar's head ne'er was seen."
(*All sing.*)

The boar's heade, you understande
Is the chief servyce in the lande
And wherever itte bee founde,
Servite cum cantico.
Caput apri defero
Redens laudes Domino.



Rhine Stories

The Fairy Barque

Ride, ride, ride;
Race with the tide, the incoming tide,
The shadows are scampering by thy side,
The new moon is sinking, ride, oh, ride!

From over the sea, where the white fog trails,
Cometh a barque with crimson sails,
From the far-away fairyland isles she hails.

Ride, ride, ride.
Nearer and nearer see the barque glide,
A blood-red star at her masthead tied
Flares on the water; ride, oh, ride.

To the phantom beach now see her steal,
With never a sound of grating keel,
While above the mad stars in their courses reel.

Ride, ride, ride.
The shadows among the gray domes hide,
Pale hands are beckoning from the side
Of the winged ship; ride, oh, ride!

Bingen

A host of faint stars, pricked into the dark,
    Keeping their watch above the lapping Rhine,
The swift gleam of a wandering, starry spark,
    Fallen behind the black hills' lofty line;
A row of steady lights along the quay
Framed by my window,—this is what I see.

Ruthelm and Gerlinde

"Up the crags, up the crags!"
Ruthelm, the peerless,
To his brave war-horse cries,—
Splendid and fearless.

"High in her castle tower
Where the gnomes bound her,
Princes Gerlinde waits:
Up! Do not flounder."

Under the beating hoofs
Rocks snap like tinder;
Gray boulders block the way
To fair Gerlinde.

From her dim casement float
Sweet strains of song;
Guiding by every note,
Ruthelm the Strong.

Up at last; up the cliff,
On the high ledges;
Sees round her prison tower
Three burning hedges.

As he leaps through, his cloak
Burns to a cinder.
Yet, on once more he rides;
On to Gerlinde.

Gleam of her golden hair,
High in the gloom;
Fairest of maidens fair,
Waiting her doom.

He climbs the turret stair;
What's there to hinder?
Finds in her golden chair,
Princess Gerlinde.

The Old Man's Tale

I met my love in the twilight,
Far back in the days of old.
Her face it was fair, her hands they were white,
And her hair it was cloth-of-gold.
And I'll tell you now of the story,
For the story has never been told.

I met my love in the meadow,
When Katydids chirp in the grass;
And the sliver of moon, hung over the hill,
Ne'er lighted a lovelier lass—
And t'was midsummer eve when I met her,
When fairy folk pass and repass.

She stepped in a circle of thorn-trees;
For she heard a fallen bird cry,
A swish of the leaves, one wave of her hand,
And then all alone was I.
As I waited there in the meadow,
I know that I heard her sigh.

And she never came back to me, dearies,
Though I've waited these many long years;
And each midsummer-eve, when the twilight falls,
I go back to the meadow of tears,
And wait by the circle of thorn-trees;
But no sign of her ever appears.

The Wisperthal

There's a quiet little valley set about by purple hills,
Where the river Wisper tinkles to the Rhine.
There the fairy-folk are dancing, when the vale with twilight fills,
And in the sky the first star lanterns shine.

Yes, they're dancing in the valley, in the little Wisperthal
While the winds of twilight wander down the lane;
Dwarfs go trooping, giants stooping,
Slender elfin maidens drooping,
While the little pixies scamper through the grain.

In the valley of the Wisper
Wan witch maidens meet and whisper;
Footsteps soft as summer rain
Rustle through the fields of grain;
Red-capped gnomes behind them prance
In a merry antic dance;
Trolls are lurking by the wall
In the little Wisperthal.

By the slender grape vines climbing,
Dainty rainbow colored sprites
Fold their wings and on a tendril sway.
Hark, a humming! Goblins coming!
On a hollow nutshell drumming,
As among the tall, green grass-blades their procession winds its way.

In the valley of the Wisper,
There's a murmur and a whisper
Where the lapping wavelets sing;
And in every grassy ring,
Where the dust is gathered thick,
Fairy feet are pacing quick;
Elves are dancing, one and all,
In the little Wisperthal.

Heartsease

Pansies

Yellow pansies bring to me
Every sunshine thought;
Sunlight in the yellowing leaves
Of a maple caught.

Golden light at sunset time,
Early apples mellow,
In among the shocks of corn
Pumpkin globes of yellow.

Thoughts with petals velvet-dusk—
Centers twinkling white—
Tell me of one silver star
Pinning folds of night.

Froth of leaping waterfall,
Sheen of moonlit sea,
Drifted snow,—a milky white
Heartsease shows to me.

Thoughts rich red or tawny-brown
Tell of autumn days,
Sheets of color on the hills,
Fragrant brush-wood haze.

Pansy petals, purple-dyed,
Streaked with brilliant gold,
Speak of windy sunset strips
O'er the hills unrolled.

I think of these things when I see
A single pansy's hue,
When I see a bunch of them
Then I think of you!

O Ye Winds of God

(From the Benedicite.)

Cold wind of the north, through the leafless boughs sweeping,
Wind which in the path of the blizzard hath roared,
Binding the stream in its swift, rocky leaping,
As you whirl on the mountains, oh bless ye the Lord.

Praise Him as o'er the white fields you are ranging,
Unbounded and lawless, to blow where you may,
At every fierce puff the drifted snow changing,—
E'en the hurricane wild must the Lord's thought obey.

East wind from the sea, with the foamy waves striving,
From the east where the low-hanging rain clouds are stored,
As before you the swift, gray-winged storm you are driving,
Wind of the fog and mist, bless ye the Lord.

Wind of the south, with the song-birds returning,
Stirring the first blades of grass on the sward,
Fragrant with blossom-breath, tender and yearning,
Winds of the Southland, oh, bless ye the Lord.

Praise Him as ye sigh through the summer-warm vine-lands,
As you ripen the berry, and open the rose,
For each folded bud is the work of Divine Hands,
And the wind may the Lord's wondrous purpose disclose.

When the long streaks of rain on the sea are descending,
Praise Him as over the waters you blow,
Brush the stormy sky clear, all the tangled clouds rending.
Clear the sky, oh East wind, for the Lord's promised bow.

West wind, as among the tall cornstalks you rustle,
While from the clear sky the warm sunlight is poured,
When you sweep down the grass, as through meadows you bustle,—
Wind of blue weather, oh, bless ye the Lord.

Sing on the hill-tops and shout down the valleys!
To the listening trees tell the power of His name;
By cooling the child at the roadside who dallies,
The wind may the Lord's wondrous praises proclaim.

Oh, ye Winds of God, in full harmony praise Him,
To do His behests, in your service accord,
North, South, East and West, in its own way obeys Him,—
Each wind, by obedience, blesses the Lord.

The Hills

Home, come home to the hills;
The soft, gray dusk-shadows creep
Down the pine wood's long, fragrant steep,
The meadow with twilight fills;
Tall oak trees their calm watch keep
In the silent folds of the hills.

Why linger ye there in the plain,
When the hills are calling you home?
The ferns in the cool black loam
Are fresh with the summer rain;
Above, in the leaf-dark dome
The wind sings a dreamy refrain.

The rocks by the stumbling path
Are cloaked with clinging gray;
Come up, by the well-known way
Through the woods, where the light, gold-pale
Glimmers at close of day,
Before the clear beams fail.

To the hills, come home to the hills!
Climb the trail in the sunset gloam.
The stream, amber-arched, crowned with foam,
As over the rocks it spills,
Sings, Home,—to the hills come home,
To the comfort and joy of the hills.

Spring Sweetness

When leaf-buds are unfurling, lass,
And bluebirds homeward turning,
When the bloom is on the orchards, and the mating thrushes sing,
Then I'm looking to the western hills, and all my heart is yearning
For the pleasant open country, and the fresh sweet smells of Spring.

The fragrance of the fields, fresh-plowed,
The sweetness of each clod
Upturned from its long winter rest to feel the wakening showers,
The smell of rainsoaked, new-leafed woods, and April-quickened sod,
The dainty fragrance of a forest-full of hidden flowers.

There's nothing in the dreary town to tell that winter's over,
The weary streets are gray and cold, where no young grass-blades peer.
And only whiffs of breezes from far-distant fields of clover
Bring the long-expected message of the changing of the year.

So leave the town behind you, lass,
For naught will give you warning
Of all the Springtime miracles that happen just outside,
Where the honeysuckle trumpets blow their perfume to the morning
And every little crocus knows it is the glad springtide.

I do not want to die—
Never again to spy
A pansy's frilly head among its leaves,
Nor climbing roses see
Nod jauntily to me
From their high trellis near the mossy eaves.

Never to walk or run
In mellow morning sun,
Nor feel the good earth springing under me.
Never again to hear
The chirrups, soft and clear
Of mating thrushes in the maple tree.

Can Heaven itself be quite
So full of pure delight
As a clear morning in the month of May,
When cherry trees in bloom
Scatter their pink perfume
To the warm-breathing winds to bear away.

To live is very good,
In Nature's every mood
There are some notes of song and joyous thrills;
The grass, fresh showered with rain,
The strong sunbeams again,
Which pierce the scattering clouds above the hills.

The west wind in my face,
The frothing, loud mill-race,
White fields of daisies or of waving wheat.
Behind a gnarly stump
A tangled wild rose clump
With shell pink blossoms, makes my joy complete.

And if I could not see
My mother waiting me
Before the lighted doorway, in the gloam,
Or hear the locusts' sigh,
As the night wind goes by,
Even with God, I should feel far from home.

Twilight

Thro' the long notched slit in the rugged lines of hills,
Which the jagged sunset panel with rich gold and purple fills,
Swift a bird his way is winging.
'Gainst the gold his black wings swinging.
And my heart gives thanks with singing
For the clear note that he trills.

In the woods about the clearing, the steep darkness is a-hum
With birds twittering and chirping, and the crickets whir and strum,
Thro' the leaves the winds are hushing,
Twig on twig are softly brushing,
As with puffs of fragrance rushing
From the rain-drenched woods they come.
High above the western hillside, where long wisps of storm-cloud are,
First revealed, then veiled by cloud-shreds, thro' the blue gloom shines a star.
Clouded now, its bright beams dwindle,
Freed again, with silver kindle,
Like a burning, starry spindle
Wound with skeins of cloud afar.

A July Night on the Hudson

Oh, the crickets, the crickets,
And never a breath in the trees,
The chirp of a thrush in the thickets,
And the stars swinging by at their ease.
There's the hush and the haze of hot weather,
Capella is bright in the north,
The Milky Way—pale skyey feather,—
Is brushing its myriads forth,
A launch panting up the smooth river,
Its distance-dimmed lights, red and green,
The slow-lapping, low-rippling shiver
Of the waters gray, star-twinkling sheen.

The Brook

Little brown brook, little brown brook,
In your laughing waters I lovingly look.
I've been to the coast and I've seen the great sea,
But the little brown brook is far dearer to me.

The sea, in its calm of summer blue,
Is no match, my little brown brook, for you;
It cannot babble on by the hour
A lullaby for a frail wind-flower.

It cannot snuggle among the stones,
Nor play hop scotch with little pine cones,
It can only rush with a thundering roar,
And pound on the edge of the smooth-sanded shore.

Little brown brook, little brown brook,
As you huddle your foam in a quiet moss-nook.
As you leap baby rocks with a chuckle of glee,
Be thankful, wee brook, that you are not the sea.

Sonnet—The Hill Trail

The rocks beside the path are cloaked with gray
And wet with mist of silver dew that clings,
Where columbine in crimson clusters springs,
Holding the flush of rosy cheeked day;
From spicy pine boughs where the warm winds play,
The thrush her melody of morning sings,
And each cool puffing breeze the fragrance brings
Of rain-drenched ferns, and violets of May.
The stumbling trail climbs through the rugged hills
Past quiet leafy shallows, where the stream
In shady calm its swirling water stills,
By mossy edges where white foam flecks gleam,
Pale golden light sifts thro' the forest wide
The hush of dawn broods on the mountain-side.

Birthday Verse

As sparks in myriads,
Flung from the fire-heart,
    Glimmer and glow in the shadows afar,
So, from the heart of love,
Love freely given
    Lightens the darkness like a star.

So through all this new year
Love sparks still shining,
    Will leave the heart full of love as before.
Though love go from it,
Shed in abundance—
    The glowing love-fire lives at the core.

A Letter of Thanks

A is the Anxiety to see inside
    That registered package, so well wrapped and tied.

U is the Unwrapping and Urgent demand
    To gaze at the parcel I hold in my hand.

N is the Neatness and speed I display
    As I open the box on the auspicious day.

T are my Thanks for the fine Chinese Treasure,
    I will hasten to send them and love without measure.

I is just me, who had come, as it chanced,
    To a stage when a belt-buckle's charms were enhanced.
E is the Elegant, Erudite, Ease
    With which I reel off such poor couplets as these.

A Birthday in Absentia, 1909

Your usual method, oh, dearest,
My dear,
You pursue without opposition
This year;
"A birthday for one over forty,"
You say,
"Is foolish and stupid, oh,
Take it away."
So, for fear that a birthday soon
Might be at hand,
You dispatch your two eldest
Far o'er the land,
And the one chick at home
Who is under your thumb,
You mean to suppress when
The great day shall come.

Never mind, Mother, dear, we
Will be even yet.
For a birthday is something
You cannot forget;
But at present for want of
A substitute better
You will have to put up with
This foolish old letter.

Entertainment's is in order
For some night this week
Unless our large caste
Is too stage struck to speak.
Some scenes from Scott's poems,
And "young Lochinvar"
Will entice all our neighbors
From near and from far.
So you see that for pastime
We scarcely can lack,
I must finish up now or
My poor brain will crack.

Here's a happy birthday
Without celebration,
To the family's regret, but
To mother's elation!

For a Birthday in Switzerland, 1908

There is a certain lady and we can't hide her identity,
Who wishes all her family to think her a nonentity
About that time in summer when her birthday's in
proximity,
For that one day she wont accept with any equa-
nimity.

She says with careless air and mien—don't think
of celebrating";
(Her very words distinctly heard, with perfect truth
I'm stating);
As if that day of summer days could hurry by un-
heeded,
And no one of those gifts appear which really are
so needed.

The first upon the list we see this pitcher quaint from
Quimper;
We pray you to accept it, without a whine or whimper.
And we might add as long as we are still in this con-
nection,
That 'twill look well upon the ledge where stands
your fine collection.

More crockery you soon will see although you do not
lack it;
(We're glad to hand it over now, before we have to
pack it.)
Some butter plates, another plate, which seems to be
old Flemish,
We hope you'll get them safely home without a crack
or blemish.

This paper-knife we know you need—alas, it's pre-
decessor
Eluded once the vigilant eye of you, its late possessor.
This little "basket" we shall hope to see beneath your
chin;
We think you should be very glad to wear it as a pin.

We give you now this list of gifts before it is too late,
For you to eat those fatal words, "Oh, do not celebrate!"
Be thankful that this day appears with charming regularity,
And welcome the occasion with a suitable hilarity.

For in spite of this unwillingness, this obvious ingratitude,
Which you from time to time display, by taking this queer attitude,
Yet we wish you very heartily, without a thought of platitude,
Many more such happy birthdays, whate'er the clime or latitude!

A Greeting

My birthday wishes must speed far
To Colorado from Bryn Mawr;
Please find them here within this letter,
Because I can't mail—something better.

There's something being saved for you;
I'll tell you without more ado—
A gift will your attention claim,
It is a little—what's its name?

I'd tell you right away, but yet
You know then you would never get
The pleasure and the joyful throb
When you unwrap—the thingumbob.

And so, my aunt, you'll have to wait,
Tho' your impatience must be great,
Until the Hudson's banks you see—
Then I'll hand you the jigamaree!

Until you take the fastest trains,
To whirl you East across the plains,
I fear you really must forego
Enjoyment of this—don't you know!

Hymn Versions

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,
    Across the sky, the sunset clouds are gold,
    In rainsoaked plowed lands, each long furrow's
        fold
Is bound with silver ribbons, whole fields wide.

And slowly brightening o'er the violet hills
    The low-hung curtain of the amber skies,
    Which hides the gates of Heaven from our eyes
The vale with golden shine of glory fills.

The shadows gather in each rustling tree,
The darkness deepens; Lord, abide with me.

Fight the good fight,
    Fight hard and long,
    Thy arm is strong.
Strike for the right.

Faint not nor fear,
    Naught can alarm,
    Nothing thee harm,
For he is near.

Cast care aside,
    Lean hard on Him.
    Are thy eyes dim?
He will provide.

Is thy arm tired?
    Fall not behind
    And thou will find
New strength acquired.

Trust in His might,
    To conquer fears
    Through the long years,
Fight the good fight.

Easter Poem—The Bending Lilies

'Neath the frowning eyes of the skull,
Beyond the great city of gray,
In the sunlight of early morn,
A quiet garden lay.

Daisies with lifted heads,
Lilies in stately bloom,
Flowers of many hues
Clustered about the Tomb.

A Messenger, gleaming in light,
Came from the heavenly land,
The ponderous rock called back,
Touched by an angel's hand.

From the twilight of dusk in the tomb,
Where for three long days He lay,
The risen Lord stepped forth
To the sunshine of Easter day.

As He walked along the path,
Flower-heads bowed in accord,
So first of all the world
The lilies greeted the Lord.

[This was written after a visit to "Gordon's Calvary" and the Garden Tomb, outside of Jerusalem. The garden was full of flowers.]

The Sunset Room

There's a room of all rooms I love best;
When I'm old, I shall sit there and rest,
In the glow of the sun, when the long day is done,
And watch the great mountains grow dark, one by one,
And the evening star burn in the west.

'Tis a room of wide spaces, and light;
Of walls ruddy-tinted and bright;
Of dear, well-worn books, and sun-gladdened nooks,
To which green plants their color and scent
Have lent,
And the name of the room is Content.

Christmas Eve

The gleam of a star
Afar,
A splendour of light
In the night,
And the tired shepherds open their sleep-heavy eyes,
For lo! high above them, there shines in the skies
A host of glad angels, who sing
Of the birth of the Christchild,
The King.

Their white flocks of sheep
Asleep
In Bethlehem's fields
They keep;
They rouse them, and go through the dim, star-lit streets,
And now a dog whines, or a straying lamb bleats,
By a stable they pause, whence a light
Sifts through the thick dark of the night.

From the stable's deep shade,
Afraid
They see Joseph in there,
And the Maid.
Then they enter the door, while the torch's red flare
Lights the rough manger bed, and the Baby laid there.
They stand with their sheep, by His stall,
And worship Him, Saviour of all.

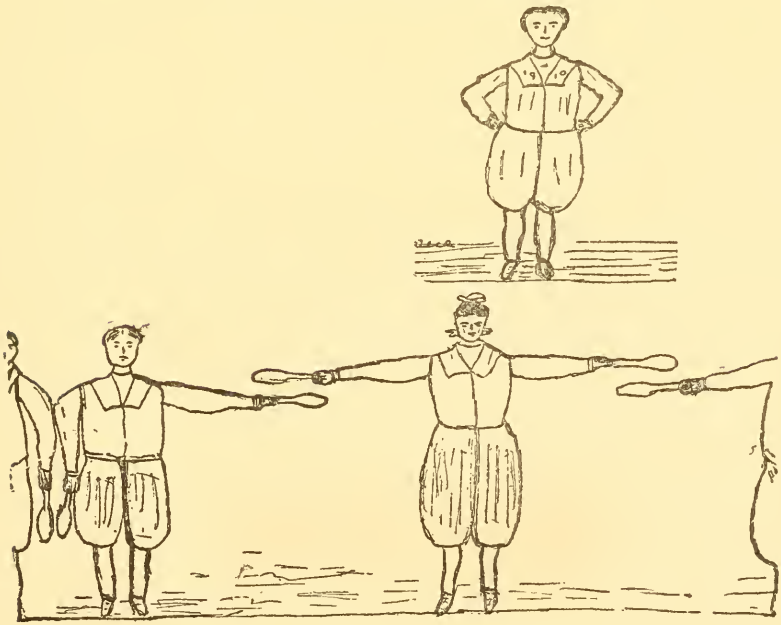
College Rhymes

[Illustrated on demand after explaining that the writer could not draw.]

The Latest News from the Gymmakers

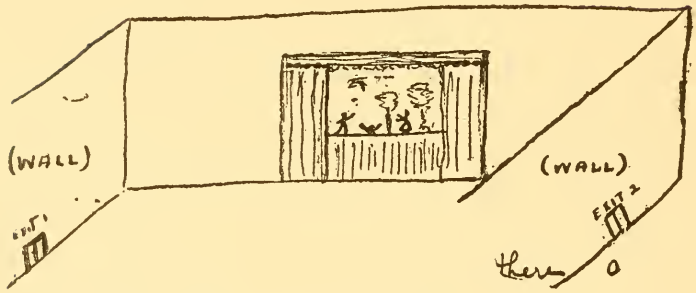
I am the outraged student,
I have a complaint which is meant
    For your ears alone,
    E'en a heart made of stone,
At my pitiful plea would relent.

I wish to state clearly and plain
  That work in the gym is my bane,
  So unless it's built new,—
  I won't say what I'll do,—
But they'll call me to gym class in vain.



No room to swing dumb-bell or club
Unless against neighbors I rub.
    Marching tactics all winter
    Are spoiled by a splinter
Against which my toe I must stub.

There's no room to run there at all,
For as soon as I start,—there's a wall!
    And the bad ventilation
    Causes much tribulation
In case of a fancy-dress ball.



The stage is so very minute,
(This argument you can't refute),
    That the edge is so near,
    Actors oft disappear,
Which would even annoy the astute.

And as for the play's audience,—
This point would pierce even the dense,—
    The doors, only two,
    In a fire would not do,
For the frenzied crowd's always immense.

"A *RED* gym amongst buildings gray!"
With great consternation you say,
    Yes, that is just it,
    This gym's a misfit,
So we want a new one right away.

Midyears

(Apologies to W. Shakespeare.)

When lectures cease in Taylor Hall,
And each scholastic maiden crams—
When unknown facts her mind appall,
Forsooth, I'm speaking of *Exams.*
With gritted teeth and brand-new pen
She scribbleth for some hours, and then,—
"My wits!
"Boo-hoo!" a dismal note,
"I didn't *know* a *thing* I wrote."

When all around her friends we see
Who would appease her doleful wail
With pans of fudge and cups of tea,
Assuring her she cannot fail,
She only moans in anguish keen,
"You do not know thro' what I've been!
"My wits!
"Boo-hoo," a dismal note—
"I wonder what it was I wrote."

My Cozerie-Dozerie (with R. G.)

(With apologies to the author of the "Rosary.")

Each hour I spend on thee, my theme,
Is so much wasted time to me.
I gaze upon thee as if in a dream
My Cozerie

Each thought a pang, each word a groan,
To fill the space that haunts my eyes;
My writing, I myself would scarce have known,
Grown twice its size.

Oh, genius, rare that fails to burn;
Oh, barren words, sublime but trite;
I chew each pen, and wish I might adjourn
Before daylight.
Must I
Sit up all night?

The Wicked Sophomore

The wicked Sophomore appears
  At dead of night, in cap and gown;
You cannot see her horrid sneers,
  Nor well observe her fearful frown.

(Because it is very difficult for me to draw these expressions, even if they were not hidden by her mask.)

Her cap's not really tumbling off,
  Though here it truly seems to be;
'Tis hard to draw things as they look,—
  Perspective always puzzles me.

She pauses at the Freshman's door,
  Whence gentle Freshman snores arise.
Don't think my heroine has shrunk;
  It takes too long to draw full size.

If I could make my picture's arms
  Look always as I wish them to,
I'd draw this whole dramatic scene.
  But as it is, what can I do?

I can not make her arms go up
  To tie this stocking round her eyes;
The pronouns here are slightly mixed,
  Whose eyes I meant, you must surmise.

In judgment chamber far away
  Beyond the range of mortal ken,
The Freshman learns what she should do,
  And how, and where, and why and when.

(These judges ought to be sitting, but I never could manage the knees of sitting pictures. The Freshman is supposed to be on top of that nice soft cushion, but I find kneeling figures twice as hard to draw; so you must see the cushion and imagine the Freshman)

The Aged, Aged Gym

(Apologies to Lewis Carroll.)

I'll tell thee everything I can,
There's little to relate,
Last spring I think, this was the plan,
I'll now proceed to state:
"The gym will be complete," they said,
"From swimming pool to towers;
October third, and there you may
Disport yourselves for hours."

They said the gym will then be done,
The running track will run,
The swimming pool be taught to swim,
To watch it will be fun.
The tennis will know how to court,
Though now its rather shy,
And e'en the quiet baskets
Will *bawl* as you pass by.

But I was thinking of a day
When last I saw the gym
(And it was then November 1st,
When I went for a swim),
The floors were mostly made of cracks,
The ceiling was a hole,
The pool resembled a dry dock,
Which seemed to me quite droll.

"When will that gym be done?" I said.
"By Christmas," they replied.
The horses then will all be caught,
And tame enough to ride;
Palm gardens on the lowest floor,
And shower paths on the roof,
Electric dumb-bells at each door—
You'll have to wait for proof.

But I have waited long enough,
Its almost March, you know;
The gym is still in that same state
It was so long ago.
And tho' I am athletic, and do not really mind
A-climbing round by ladders steep
And tho' it almost makes me weep,
To see the shavings lie so deep,
On that floor where I hoped to leap
And gambol like a jocund sheep,
As thro' the scaffolding I creep,
My spirits ever high I keep,
And some day, when I wake from sleep,
And take a last despairing peep
The gym complete I'll find.

A Match Game.

You ought to see these
forwards run.
I Tell you, they have
lots of fun.
They scarcely ever hit
the ball,
But that is not the
point at all.

Five only drawn two
of the line,
Two others went on
Tower To dine;
The other one has gone,
I think,
To get a cool, refreshing
drink.

These half-backs hardly
seem complete
Without the proper set
of feet,
And so of course they
cannot hit
The ball, or even run
for it.

(My heroines grow
smaller here.
The reason plainly
must appear.)

To get them all upon
the sheet
I may leave off the
fullback's feet.)

The full-back is a
merry soul,
She's kept To cheer the
languid goal,
All through the game
She tells her jokes
As feebly at the ball o
She pokes.

"But just one fullback"
you exclaim,
You see, an hour before.
the game
The other got a card
for the,
And so she went, quite
naturally.

A lovely life the
goal doth lead
From Bacon's "Essays"
See her read;
She hurried to the
game so quick
She carelessly forgot
her stick!

The Curse of Ambition.
or
The Pathetic Plaint of the Aspiring Artist.

One art there is above the rest that
specially I sigh for;
To drawing did devote my life, and
though unwilling, die for;
And yet—the painful truth I'll state
with frankness—I may miss it,—
No matter how I try to draw, I
really cannot do it.

A palette,
(not a jellyfish.)

paint brushes
(not coal shovels.)

As I go on with my compliment, my
drawings I will label
So that you'll recognize their worth (as
far as you are able.)
We artists, above everything, crave true
appreciation,
It fills artistic Temperaments with
Something like elation.

A Student

Many's the day that I have sighed to
Sketch a fellow Student,
And yet the more and more I tried
the more I foozled. I couldn't
My special trouble is, I find, in
drawing human creatures
To get their arms and legs on right,
and, I may add, their features.

I wish that things would always
seem to look the way they pointed.
My people's feet will not turn out,
but fairly look disjointed
To get the necks at all, my pictures
go through weird contortions,
Necks always are too long or short,—
I'm not much on proportions.

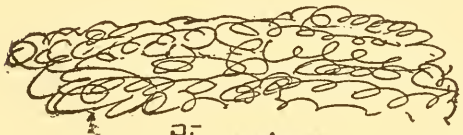
neck?

neck!

(Note the hair on these two portraits. Drawing undulating lines is considered my strongest point) ~~~ ⌒ ⌒ ⌒

Just Take a glance if you have
Time, upon this bowl and platter
I Tossed them off this afternoon.—
Say Frankly what's the matter.
I just left all the lines in, for I
find it such a bother
Deciding which should be erased,
when one Thing's on another

So, fatal to my fleeting time is
Such a high ambition,
I find myself neglecting to pursue
mere erudition.
Form, Atmosphere, and color—Tone,
a gesture, or an attitude,
Will spur me on to try to draw
in every clime and latitude.



Atmosphere.
Artistic Temperament.

Ad Astra

The sparks from the brush fire snap out,
And rise above the embers far,
Yet in their flight they cannot reach
The white glow of the evening star.

So from my heart the little sparks,
Dull and slow-smouldering though they be,
Fly forth in verse, yet cannot touch
The star divine of poesy.

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